

Droplets by orphan_account

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Alex, Jasmine | Jenna

Relationships: Alex/Jasmine | Alex/Jenna

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-11-08

Updated: 2012-11-08

Packaged: 2021-01-09 11:36:23

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 442

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

She wasn't certain if "pervert" was the right word for him.

Droplets

Water droplets.

Her skin was covered like a dewy flower and she hated it. Cold drops of water sat on her without drying, without soaking into her skin, and she hated it. Still she breathed shallow, thin breaths so as not to upset the dew.

She wasn't sure what he got out of it, or what she did. It was uncomfortable really, the way he kept every little drop of water so cold that they raised goosebumps on her skin.

Perhaps it was a display of his power; gloating over the strength of his psynergy in this arena as well.

Her eyes flickered up to his and she released a held breath in a huff. Was he bored with this part yet?

"You get off to the weirdest things."

"Hush."

His breath cooled her further, and she squirmed, displacing a multitude of droplets that then rolled down and off her skin, tracing cold paths over her body. She shuddered again.

He smirked, and she cringed. Why did she indulge his ridiculous fantasies, again?

As he once again covered her naked body with ice-cold-but-not-quite-frozen dew, she gritted her teeth. She was *fire*. This was *stupid*.

"What do you even get out of this--seriously, please tell me, I am dying of curiosity."

"Oh Jenna dear, it's nothing complicated: I just think you look beautiful when you glisten."

"Bullshit. If that was it you wouldn't make it so cold."

"I like to see you squirm."

"That's disgusting."

It really was cold though--one would think the floor beneath her would have taken warmth from her body heat, but it was like ice against her back. It took all of her concentration and focus to not shake like a leaf in a storm. That was surely his doing as well.

"How about I light a fire under your nose and watch *you* squirm?"

He only laughed before raising a hand slowly lifting the droplets from her skin. His fingers ghosted over her--thighs, stomach, breasts, neck--but never touched, leaving only a sudden warmth in their wake. Her body rose to meet him involuntarily but never connected, and her brow furrowed in her frustration.

She wanted him to touch her--wanted to touch him--wanted their bodies to crash together in furious heat.

She couldn't *say* that though. This was where telling him she wanted him got her, and she would *not* beg for it.

But she could *demand* it.

Her hand darted up to grasp his collar and drag his face down to hers until they were nose to nose.

"Take off your damn clothes at least, jackass."

He smirked.

"I live to serve."